

air, into an inhospitable and altogether
unprepossessing
crowd.

Then there was a commotion, with much
bowing
and falling to the right and left, and the
Kaimakam him-
self appeared, with my powerful letter in
his hand,
took me into the unfinished house, at which he
had only
arrived an hour before, and into a small room
almost
altogether occupied by two beds on the floor,
on one of
which a man very ill of fever was lying, and
on the
other an unveiled Kurdish beauty was
sitting. The
Kaimtikam, though exceedingly "the worse of
drink," was
not without a certain dignity and courtesy.
He apolo-
gised profoundly for the incivility and
discomfort which
I had met with, and for his inability to
entertain me •
"with distinction" in "so rough a place," but
said that
he would give up his own room to so "exalted
a per-
sonage," or if I preferred a room outside it
should be
made ready. Of course I chose the latter, with
profuse
expressions of the gratitude I sincerely felt,
and after a
cup of coffee bade him good-night.

The room was the justice or injustice
room over
the *zaptieh* barracks, and without either door
or glazed
windows, but cold and stiff as I was after an
eleven hours'
march, I was thankful for any rest and
shelter. Shortly
my young Kurdish *katirgi*, a splendid
fellow, but not
the least "tame," announced that he must
leave me in
order to get the escort of some *zaptiehs* back
to Julamerik.
He said that "they all" told him that the road

to Van was
full of danger, and that if he went on he
would be robbed
of his mules and money on the way back. No
transport
however, was to be got, and he came on with
me very
pluckily, and has got an escort back, at least
to Merwanen.
In the morning the *Kaimakam* rose early to do
me honour,
but was so* tipsy that he could scarcely sit
upright on
his chair on a stone dais amidst a rabble of
soldiers and